

augur so far?"

That (petulantly): "By Jove! it's a dashed good style, isn't it? He seems to be a bit of a writer, all right."

This: "Struck me so at any rate."

That: "Doesn't it strike you that the heroine isn't altogether a—aw, well, perhaps not either. Seemed to me that I had seen something in real life—"

(Settle down for a few minutes).

That (throwing paper on table): "We agree this time, Fred; it is a deuced good little yarn. At least it gave me a sort of a feeling, so it must be a little above the average."

This: "Then you felt it, too."

Jolly queer idea of mine when I read it. I had the same feeling, at least, I suppose it would be the one, since we live together. A sort of familiar feeling, eh?"

That (uneasily): "Just that."

(A short pause).

This: "By the way, I heard it said at Te Korero that Pakela was a local fellow. That's what made me think there might be some others about here. You don't happen to know another writer fellow, I suppose?"

That: "Not at all. I hardly think there can be. I don't think particularly much of his style either." (Revulsion proceeds with slight feeling of jealousy). "It's a wretchedly booky style." (Snatches at paper). "Listen here: 'Sunny auburn hair, blue eyes, perfect mouth.' We've heard it all before from Annie Swan. Just like the heroine of any book."

This (aside): "The old, old story. Poor Jack! Just the same as when we used to play for the school together."—(Aloud).—"And someone in real life too, I think. A character like that must be drawn from life."

That: "Not necessarily. These booky characters are, generally, horribly overdrawn. None of them have any realistic nature about them. You would understand if you knew about these things. The Helen of it is really almost too entirely good for any girl—almost any girl, isn't it? My idea is to do something really real. The ideal is played out; it's all a bally farce."

This: "Perhaps so. But in art, you know, the ideal is everything. The real only takes a secondary place when it is all washed up."

That: "Oh! excuse me Fred, for interrupting you, but I must tell you while I remem-



ber. You didn't go to the Exhibition today. Well, you missed something."—(Livening up).—"By Jove! I tell you it was something, too! Here—oh! yes, this will do. Here's the catalogue. I'm no sort of a critic among pictures, but there's a new one on the south wall opposite the windows. No. 473, here it is."—(Hands catalogue to This).—"Of course that is nothing like the original; it's not so bad either, but, by Jove, it's a stunner, I can tell you!"

This (surveys reproduction, makes a few incoherent remarks, and shuffles feet un-